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County, we are forced to require payment on

subscriptions in advance.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, AUGUST 31, 1881.

NO. 35.

DIRECTORY.

COUNTY DIRECTORY. CIRCUIT COURT.

CHRCUIT COURT.

1. Lucius P. Liftle, Judge, Owensboro.

1. Joseph Noe, Attorney, Laihoon.

2. Sullenger, Jatler, Hartford.

2. Barrett, Master Commissioner, Hartford.

2. Barrett, Master Commissioner, Hartford.

2. Baith, Shoriff, Hartford. Deputies arion Yates, Buford; John B. Rogers, seine; Sam Keown, Fordsville; J. H. immel, Ceralvo, art. begins fourth Mondays in May and emiler, and continues four weeks each.

3. Commissioner, and continues four weeks each.

4. Commissioner, And Continues four weeks each. COUNTY COURT.

Ben. Newton, Judge, Hartford. Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford. J. P. Sanderfur, Attorney, Hartford, Court begins on the first Monday QUARTERLY COURT. Begins on the third Mondays in Canuary April, July and October. COURT OF CLAIMS.

liegns on the first Mondays in January and October. OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS Armistead Jones, Assessor, Hartford.
(b). W. H. Perter, Surveyor, Cromwell.
J. E. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.
POLICE COURTS.
Hartfool—Jao, O'Flaherty, Judge, second
Mondays in January, April, July and tetober.
M. D. L. Bennett, Marshal.

Crumwell-P. W. Gibtrap, Judge, second attributed in January, April, Judy and Octo-er. W. T. Tifford, Marshal. Caraivo - Henry Tinsley, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October Vacant, Marshul.

Vacant, Marshal.

Hamilton - Wm. Hamilton, Sr., Judge, postoffice aldress, McHenry, Courts held third
Saturday in January, April, July and tectoher.

W. T. Subser, Macsmal, post-office address, McHenry.

Roschport - J. C. Jones, Judge, B. McDowell
Marshal, Courts held first Saturdays on
January, April, July and October.

Rosches - V. B. Hams Judge, Thos. St. Clarr,
Marshal. Courts held first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

JUSTICES COURTS. JUSTICES COURTS.

B. P. Withers, Mar. 3 June 1 Sept. 1 Dec. 1 P. D. Taylor, Mar. 9 June 8 Sept. 7 Dec. 7 J. D. Holbrook, 11 10 9 J. D. Holbrook, "11 HARTFORD.
A. B. Bannett, Mar. 8. Jane 7 Sept. 6 Dec. 6
J. D. Byers, "22 "21 "29, "29, "24
A. N. Brown, Mar. 23 June 22 Sept. 21 Dec. 21
W. L. Rowe, "23 "24 "21 "23 Wm. Cambon, Mar. is June 11 Sept. 18 Dec. 11 K. O. Porter, Mar. 18 June 17 Sept. 30 Doc. 31 Melvin Taylor, "19 "18 17 "17 CONSTABLES.

dires, Fartsville. Bahad - Thomas J. Bell. Hartigut - H. S. Midkiff, Post-office Beaver Rockport Jas. M. Casebier, Rosine J. F. Witson. Post-office, Rosine. Cromwell J. W. Dantel. Post-office Crom-

CHURCH DIRECTORY. Haptist Services first Sunday and Sunday night in every month and Saturday night preceding—W. P. Bennett, Pastor.

M. E. Charch South—Services third Sunday and Sunday night and fourth Sunday night in each month—Rev. J. S. McDaniel, Pastor.

Methodist Episcopal (colored).—Services every Sunday morning and night. Sabbath School at 9 A. M.—Bev. Peter Dent, Pastor.

Atpha Baptist Church (colored)—First and Third Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7% P. M.

V. M.-HARTFORD LODGE, No. 156.-Meets third Monday night in each in. E. M. MURRELL, W. M. H. WEISSHERMER, Secretary A. M. KEYSTONE CHAPTER, No.

POST-OFFICE BULLETIN. POST-OFFICE BULLETIN.

The Eastern mail closes at 12 fop. m. leaves at 14 fop. M., and arrives at 12 fop. M.

The Western mail closes at 8 followers at 9 for A. M. and arrives at 4 fop. M.

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The Owensboro mail, via Beda, Buford, Pleasant Ridge and Masouville leaves on Tuesday Thursday and Saturdays at 7 A. M., and strives Mondays? Wednesdays and Friday at 6 F. M.

R. P. HOWE, Postmaster. PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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WM. P. GREGORY. ATTORNEY AT LAW, HARTFORD, KY.

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Successors to John H. Thomas & Co., Manufacturers Agents and Importers and Jobbers in

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MINING TOOLS, Such as Coal Shovels, Coal Picks, Bolts,

COOPERS' TOOLS, A full line of them, also Stave Knives, In the proud city, rising to the skies, Like a bold trull its shameful trade it plies, With Bond flow countries.

Platform Scales, Church, School & Farm Bells

Agent for the Parker Breech-Loading Shot Gun, Also full line of other make of Guns, Revolvers & Amunition.

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FITSCHEN & MERRILL,

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EDWARD B. SLOAN, Traveling Salesman.



We Hold Thee Safe.

ROYAL

OF LIVERPOOL. ENGLAND.

ANNUAL STATEMENT, JANUARY 1, 1881.

Total Cash Assets., Total Cash Assets in the United States. Cash Surplus.....

N. B. The Net Cash Fire Surplus of this Company is Larger than that of any

.... 1,842,452 53 United States Income during 1880..... All losses of this Department paid by us without reference to Liverpool Earl Lyle; yet even as he spoke these busy, she found less time to broad and BARBEE & CASTLEMAN, Managers Southern Dep't, Louisville, Ky.

BARRETT & BRO., Agents, Hartford, Ky. recall now lay in the breast-pocket of beautiful."

KENTUCKY BAPTIST

Assurance Association

Principa Office, Stanford, Ky.

OFFICERS. W. P. WALTON. President, R. E. BARROW. Secretary, Treasurer,

The Kentucky Baptist Assurance Association is a corporation with perpet-ual succession, chartered by the State of Kentucky, and being for benevolent purposes, it was endowed with many privileges.

The safest, cheapest, and most popular insurance ever offered to the public, This Association is for mutual protection, and is exempt from taxation, and

the benefits are not subject to garnishments. For further particulars as to mode of securing membership, or for charters, aks, &c., apply to JESSE S. WILLIAMS, Hartford, Ky.

THE DISTILLERY. BY B. CAMPBELL.

If Salan offered to award a price To the worst place that's known beneath th

That not without sufficient cause aspires To rival Stygian smoke and Stygian fires, That sin and crime a deadlier power suppl And fosters more unholy enterprise Than all the means that vitlated mind Can bring to bear in ruining mankind, The place to win the infernal prize would

Without a question the distillery— From whose interior fires a current flows Direful and dark and fills the world with WITHING A poisoned current from a poisoned spring, Whose fearful draughts like serpents charm

That fill with ettigens the felon cells, Amf off in humbler shape it may be seen Half hid in some dark copse-wood or ravine Where drunkants throng by day and drunken

By night join hideous concert with the owls, Or in some mountain cavern it may lurk Afar, where midnight caltiffs watch and Those mountain outlaws, Modocs of the still,

Are chosed by hireling curs from hill to hill, Who not one wrong proposing to redress Be not the loser of an ill-got cent, Pursue, oft at the forfeit of their heads. Those desperadoes to their "lava beds," Who turn at bay and there like lions fight For what they deem a patrimonial right. Beware, O, men, who claim a holy faith How ye supply those factories of death. Give not your bread to those insatiate fires Whence virtue flies and decency retires. The stream that there from your own pro

To other use appropriate your corn, And better even to bury it, or burn, And better still to give it to the poor And a good conscience and sweet sleep sect Fre to that place it should transported be, Satur's chief workshop, hell's epitome.

THE PAINTED PAN.

"You won't forget me, little one?" looking down with earnest eyes into the heart. sweet flower-face, so trustfully uplifted

"No, I will never forget you," an" wered the girl.

broke down the last remnant of her this clear, bracing air.

down upon them; as though the sun the announcement of her father's cousin mine, what must I do? I leave visit to his father's family this week. lingered a moment in its tenderest sym* death, and this must surely hasten it all to you." pathy, ere breathing his good night to him. echoed through the silence of the wood not been stirred before for many a long longing.

winning; sometimes he had won and him from her. 1881 ways believing that had the condition little studio was neglected. She sat all lounge in the sitting-room of her kind munity at present. her wavering steps across the boundary line from childhood to womanhood; he who had wakened her child-heart from must be sold. Many neighbors that it was reality. its slumber. For what? For this! It had been in his life a summer-idyl, a

"Hush, Lena-hush!" he entreated, him. passing his arm about her waist. "Do The hope of meeting him-of hearing of hope. you really care for me like this?" A passing pride stirred at his ques-

cannot understand it?" she answered. my own desires, and forget my duties, I dearly, Lena, that, might I carve out and the life which has grown wearisome. As it is, I must go; but, Lena, painted by hand. if I may, dear-if I can so shape my destiny-some day I will leave it all be- in and asked if there was sale for that not; but, stooping, kissed them, then er what disposition to make of what hind me and come again, this time to sort of work, and if she might be allow- transplanted them to her heart, there pluck and wear my sweet woodland ed to test her skill.

.\$1,790,496 46 rose next to my heart forever." Pretty words were very natural to vanished, and, now that hands were words he knew that ere another year think. had run its course he was destined to "I want a fan painted," the man said lead to the altar his helress-cousin-a to her one day. "You may make an tall, haughty brunette-whose letter of original design, but it must be very

"But-but it things should go amiss -not as you faney?"

There was absolute terror in the girl's tones—terror so great that, to the man, the shopkeeper had said; and the words it seemed cruelty not to quiet it; and, had recalled all the long waiting, the him to nobler, better purposes.

Perchance he might avow to his betrothed the truth, that, instead of a mar- and the hours crept on and the evening riage of convenience he sought a mar- ew into night, and the night into riage of love, and ask her to free him morning, and still she bent over her Editor Heralds from chains which already began to work, silent, engrossed. gall him ere they were fully forged. So he only drew closer to him the

and pressed his lips to its golden crown. "Have no fear, my little one. I will come back with the first snow."

"You promise, Earl?" "I promise!"

the birds, the flowers, the blue sky-all trace of color had fled.

the first frost. She laughed when peo- trust, and his of promise. A little laughple said that it would be an early win- ing stream rippled at their feet. A bird moving along as placidly as the great

All her painting-for she possessed great talent with her brush-depicted before. He turned the fan on the other with Prof. D. M. Hocker in control. winter scenes - snow and ice.

But just at the Thanksgiving season her father, a sturdy farmer, was borne senseless, one day, to his home, and died before he recovered consciousness. It was her first real grief. She had ost her mother when an infant. It seemed to her that she could not have had strength to live through it, but grave, a few flakes of snow came whirling down from the gray sky, and she welcomed them as heaven-sent messen- house of his betrothed. Stately and faction as an officer.

cheery voice would never more echo, his lips. she almost expected to find some one waiting for her; but all was still and . She had known him for long years,

-the more dreary that she found a It was as though his very soul hung heavy mortgage lay on the farm, and on her answer. Strange, she had never night was a success. that when all things were cleared up dreamt his love for her was more than there would be left to her but a few hun- friendship, such as she had felt for him.

"He will not eare," she murmured. "It will prove his love for me the more." The week after the funeral set in the I highly respect you. Will not this several weeks with her friends and relafirst heavy snow-storm, and the papers satisfy you?" told how it had spread from one end of the country to the other.

lonely home, but she sat all day with folded hands, looking upon the soft, ness or mine, I could give up my lover visited the Daviess County Association, feathery flakes-watching the drifts and still hold my friend and cousin." grow higher and higher-and knew He seized her hand and carried it to said Earl Lysle, in his softest accents, that it was all bringing summer to her his ligs more fervently than he had

their sleighs, when the sun peeped out pocket, he unfolded it, and told her all and gentlemen visited the Dark Hollow again and all the earth was wrapped in the tale of his summer romance. its white mantle. They said that her "I thought I could forget her," he ple ground for indulging in romantic And the blue eyes grew moist, and cheeks were pale and her hands fever- said, in ending, "and that when the fancies, and also for recalling to memory the red lips trembled. The promise ish, and that she must have more of snow fell and I did not return to her, the time when Ohio was visited by the

won it often for the mere pleasure of only sickness or death could have kept | bond which henceforth binds us."

worn it until it wearied him, but al- The hours dragged very slowly. Her Jess night, and, throwing herself on the been reversed, the woman would have day, and every day, beside the window, hostess, she had fallen into a dreamless done even as he did. In this case he until one morning she wakened to know slumber. knew differently. When he first met that the first robin had returned, and Long Earl Lysle stood and watched had been his hand which had guided He had failed to keep his promise to aroused her. She thought that she was at Smallhous.

them all.

passing folly; in hers, the one spot from would go to the city where he lived. its demands. She heard that she had which all things henceforth must date. Her pride forbade her seeking him, but sent the paper with the news of her He was a man of the world; she a child maybe, if he were not dead, as she often father's death to the wrong address; of nature, whose world henceforth was feared, she might one day meet him in that he had known nothing of the long, bounded by the horizon of his presence. the street, or at least hear some news of lonely winter to which had succeeded

him-vanished, when she found herself | Poor child! She had no room for in the great metropolis, and realized its pride in the heart so filled by his image. size and immensity.

She had secured a comfortable home forgiveness. with a good, motherly woman, but her He loved her now! Of that she was "Nay! I love you very dearly-so purse was growing scanty, and she assured; and after all, the snow bad great pain, yet never was heard to could not tell how long it might hold of support, when one day, sauntering which now bloomed and clustered at would never go back to the great city, idly on the street, glancing into a shop- her feet, ready for her to stoop and doeth all things well." Though but a window, she saw some fancy articles, pluck them.

Gathering up her courage, she went From that hour all dread of want

Lena's heart had been very sad all day as, at evening, she unfolded the satin and sat down, brush in hand, to

fulfill this latest order. "It is a gift to an expectant bride besides, his heart was stirring within weary disappointment, those words might bring.

And, as she thought, she sketched,

The next day the gentleman who had given the order for the fan sauntered girl's slender figure, until the blonde into the store. With an air of pardonhead lay on his shoulder, as he stooped able satisfaction the man drew it from

> is entirely her own. I-" But he checked his sentence.

The gentleman had taken the fan in at 11 o'clock. Lena had always loved the summer his hands and was examining it with There is some trouble at Day's school The matrimonial market is dull at rather than winter. The leafy trees, startled eyes and face from which every house in making the selection of a present, but think from all signs it will be can hardly breathe for three hours

se greeted rapturously, to be parted was painted upon the satin? No, this good one. with almost tearfully; but this year she was all he saw. On one side was a could scarcely wait for the turning of beneath the leafy branches of an old the foliage, or the southern flight of the oak, were two figures—one a man and one a woman. His arm was about her She smiled from her window, as she waist Her lips seem to move, her Etitor Herald: looked out one bright morning upon whole expression was full of love and

> sang overhead. Where had he seen just such a scene side. Summer had vanished. It was winter here. Naught but the fast-falling snow drifting in white heaps upon

the earth. "Who painted this?" he asked, in hoarse, changed tones.

The man gave the name and address, that, as they lowered the coffin into the his being? Could it be that his manhood the attending physician. might yet redeem him?

With swift steps he walked to the beautiful she came into the drawing-When she came back to the quiet room to greet him, and bent her head house, through whose rooms the dear, that he might touch her forehead with "Helen, do you love me?"

but never had she heard such earnest-They were dreary weeks that followed ness, such real passion, in his tones,

> A tinge of color crept into her cheek. "I have promised to marry you, Earl.

heart mine -all mine, so that, to tear look. Lena was almost barricaded in her me from it, would be to tear it asunderer

and on their return report a pleasant trip for so short a stay-only a week. done even in the moment of his court- Ferry on the fourth Sunday. The neighbors came to take her in ship. Then, taking the fan from his

she would cease to remember me; but red man. Among other curiosities people attend than do, for I think it is trength; the next moment she had But she shook her head and refused see, Helen! She still remembers and I they saw what is called an Indian morarst into passionate, bitter weeping. to go. Could she leave the house when still love. I do not know what brings tar-used by them in pounding corn. It seemed as though the branches in at any moment he might come? Be- her here. I have heard nothing from Mr. Ben King, of Daviess county, the tree above them bent pityingly sides, she had sent to him a paper with her since last summer. But, tell me, with his aunt, Mrs. Edwards, paid a

"I said that I would be your friend. the world; though the robin checked his notes to listen to the sobs which followed week, and still he neither came Earl. Tell her all the truth. Then, if nor sent her word. The snow-clouds she forgives you, make her your wife. had formed and fallen many times, and If she is alone in the world, as perhaps | Editor Herabt: and stirred Earl Lysic's heart as it had each time her heart grew sick with she may be, bring her to me. She shall It is useless to say anything of the be married from my house, as my sister. weather as it is ever the same hot and She loved him so wholly, she trusted I accept this fan, not as a lover's gift, dusty. He had won the love of many women him so completely that she thought but a pledge to the truer, more honest

Lena was exhausted after her sleep-

dreaming of the fan; but as he stooped That same day they told her that the and took her in his arms, she knew offered her a home, but she declined She listened stiently while he told her all--even his struggle for forgetfulness, A sudden resolution came to her. She and his ignorance of his own heart and

> this wonderful, giorious summer-time She forgot that there was sore need for

only lain upon the ground to warm the murmur or wish she was well. She

Perhaps some women, in their pride, would have rejected them. She could to shed sweet fragrance for vermore.

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured

had so prostrated him that he was unable to do any business. He was en- sung her life away," tirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. sober and steady man for more than licious performe upon all. two years, and has no desire to return to his cups; I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."-From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill. - Times.

White Run Notes.

August 23, 1881.

The weather still being very hot and dry, the corn is looking very bad. Mr. W. Pierce, living near Ferguson's Station, died recently.

Miss Kate Walla, of Spring Lick, opened a school at Shiloh on Monday "The young artist has outdone her- last with a large number of pupils. I self, sir," he said. "I never saw a more wish Miss Kate much success as she is beautiful piece of work, and the design an amiable young lady and worthy of Editor Herald: the position she occupies.

teacher. The patron should look to the better soon.

Could it be that the word Nemesis interest of their pupils and employ a

Rosine Racket. August 24, 1881.

The wind blows pleasantly this morning and everything about our town is

Our school will open on the 29th inst. Mr. J. J. Tilford, one of the most intelligent and honest young men in our gained many friends during her stay in county, has taken a position in the the Grove and I regret very much that drug store of Hon. L. T. Cox.

There is a great deal of sickness in our part of the country, especially in the neighborhood last week visiting among the children. A little daughter relatives. How well he had known it! But how of G. L. Johnston has been very sick, came Lona here? And what was this but I am glad to state that she is imwhich stirred through every fibre of proving at present. Dr. J. R. Camp is ty, were visiting friends and relatives

Our deputy sheriff is busy riding all the time and seems to be giving satis-Success to the HERALD is the wish of

Grains of Gold from Cedar Grove. August 24, 1881.

O, for a good rain for which everything is suffering. The social at Mr. Gaines' Saturday

Misses Debbie and Bettie Raley are visiting their sister, Mrs. W. S. Gaines, Miss Bicy Cobb, of Grayson, formerly You know that I am fond of you, and of this county, who has been spending

tives here, will return home to-morrow. "No. I want all the truth. Is your How sad a certain young clerk will Mr. Ed Truman, his wife and seven "No, Earl. If it were for your happi- children, accompanied by their dog.

> There will be a baptizing at Barrett's A party of about forty young on last Sunday evening and found am-

August 24, 1881. There will not be a half a crop of corn or tobacco. Expect there will be some

"borrowing by moonlight" next year.

But little sickness exists in our com-

Equality Ectues.

Miss Litlian Barnard, of South Carrollton and Mrs. J. C. Bennett and daughter, Maud, of Point Pleasant, are Lena Manning she had been a child. It the first breath of spring was in the air. her, until the magnetism of his glance visiting the family of Mr. T. M. Ross,

> Miss Allie Anderson, of Hartford, is young man called one day to settle his visiting friends in this vicinity. Miss claim; said he; Allie is received with pleasure by her many friends.

of brain fever, the infant son of J. L. With best wishes for the HERALD, I have no visible means of support?"

Miss Ada H. Ambrose, the subject of this sketch, was born March 6, 1867, and died August 20, 1881. For several months she had suffered was satisfied with her lot and perfectly reconciled to the will of Him "Who

Obituary.

child, she looked forward to the time of her departure from the world. She made her will, telling her mothbelonged to her. Ada was a good child, loving and obedient-when able a regu- a drawer having compartments directly lar attendent at Sunday School with under and corresponding with the holes. her lessons well studied. The sweet Each hole is marked with a number, songs of the school were heavenly the figures running from No. 1 up to music to her ears and heart, and she No. 250. Every boy in the institution of an insatiable thirst for liquor, which was always singing them; and, as her is assigned a compartment in which to

She was the joy of the household-the It allayed all that burning thirst; took ray of sunshine that always makes away the appetite for liquor, made his home so cheerful—the opening flower nerves steady, and he has remained a upon the parent stem, shedding its de-But ahas!

> "That once loved form now cold and dead Each mournful thoughtemploys, And withered all our lovs." But while we weep, it is not as those

our loved ones as flowers immortalbloo a in perennial beauty. Ada's funeral was preached in the Methodist church, from the text, "What is life." James iv, 14.

to that bright and happy beyond, where

... Central Grove Gravel

W. T. DAVENPORT.

The farmers have been very busy for Preaching at this place next Sunday the past few days threshing their wheat.

For a shortertime, at proportionate rates Miss Bertha Miller, who has been very low for sevetal weeks past with typhoid fever, is able to be on a visit to

ADVERTISING RATES

her uncle, D. A. Miller, in Goshen neighborhood, this week. Hope she will return home much haproved in health. Mrs. James D. Byers has been very ill for several days past with fever,

though she is slowly improving at visiting the family of Mr. James Loney for two weeks past, has returned to her home near Taylortown. Miss Lillian

she could not remain longer. Miss Bettle Her spent a day or two

Mr. W. J. and Joe White, two sprightly young men of Daviess counin this part last week. Come again,

boys, and stay longer. Miss Pearlie Her, from the vicinity of Ceralvo, is visiting her sister, Mrs. D.

M. Park, this week. Those attending the Quarterly Meeting at Liberty church last Sunday from the Grove, were Miss Belda Tichenor, Miss Lula Miller, James Hunter, W. B. Miller, Wm. Hocker and your scribbler. Miss Sudie White, of Centertown, was also one of our number. Pretty good joke, Jim, about running over that og, wasn't it? Guess you will look

where you are driving next time. The boss rattle-snake of the season was killed on the farm of Mr. James Loney a few days since by a thirteenyear old boy of Mr. Loney. It was of a very dark color and measured five feet in length and had thirteen rattles and Mr. W. L. Park came very near get-

ting burt last Sunday while out buggy

driving. The horse became frightened

and ran off, throwing him and his lady love out at one side of the road and running until he broke the buggy into fragments. Mr. Park escaped with a slight bruise over his right eye, and the young lady escaped unburt. We are having an interesting Sunday School at the Grove at present, which am glad to see the young people of the community take so much interest in.

I would be glad to see more of the old

their duty to attend and encourage this noble work. We have also a good class in vocal music which meets often. The young people of the community have been having some very interesting entertainments recently which they call apple-cuttings. These occasions are very largely attended and much

enjoyed by the youngsters of the neighborhood. Mr. G. P. Brown and lady, of West Providence vicinity, will leave next Thursday for Jamesport, Daviess county, Mo., which place they will make their future home. May success attend this young and happy couple in every undertaking through life, is the wish of

A Shakupearean Refusal. Young Nubkins was quite anxious to marry a rich old gentleman's daughter for more substantial reasons than love, and the old man suspected it. The

tered by the compliment of her love Died, at Smallhous, August 17, 1881, and I ask your consent to our being joined in holy wedlock." "Abem, Mr. Nubkins, abem! You

"Mr. B., I love your daughter truly

and well and she loves me. I feel flat-

"No, sir." "My daughter has." "Yes, sir." "Ahem, Mr. Nubkins, ahem. In the

'Lay not this flattering junction to your soul,' you can't git her.' And he didn't get her, but he joined himself to his idols and is now a traveling "frightful example" for a temperance lecturer .-Steubenville Herald. A Novel Banking Institution. In connection with the New York Newsboys' Home is a bank, which, in some respects, is without a rival. The

"bank" is a square table with a number

of holes cut in the top. It is fitted with

words of the immortal Shakspeare,

The bank has no President, Secretary or board of directors, thus saving sala-

ries, and its business is conducted on a

fair and honest basis. Though the bank sometimes contains several hundred dollars, no attempt has ever been made to rob it. It was thought at one time that there had been defalcation, one depositor said his account was 50 cents short; but it was ascertained that he had put his 50 who have no hope, for we look by faith

cents in another boy's box.

The deposits are returned to the depositors at the end of each month. The bank pays 1 per cent. Interest per month, which is raised by voluntary subscriptions from friends who wish to encourage the boys to save their earuings. The boys are prevented from depositing their savings by a rule prohibiting the payment of interest on a larger sum than \$5.

Sweet Pain.

A Scotch minister once said no woman could bear pain as well as a man. That is not so. Where's the man who